Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 4 MONTREAL, JANUARY 23, 1903. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

The Bechuana Chiefs at Windsor.

When the Bechuana chiefs, Khama, Sebele, and Bathoen, came to England a few years ago they paid a visit to 'the Great White Queen' at Windsor Castle. After the formal introduction in the White Drawing-room, each chief advanced and laid his present at Her Majesty's feet. Khama and Bathoen each gave a leopard rug, and Sebele a silver jackal kaross. The Queen then said in clear tones: 'I am glad to see the chiefs, and to know that they love my rule. I confirm the settlement of their case which my Minister has made. I approve of the provision excluding strong drink from their country. I feel strongly in this matter, and am glad to see that the chiefs have determined to keep so great a curse from the people. The chiefs must obey my Minister and my High Commissioner. I thank them for the presents which they have made to me, and I wish for their prosperity and that of their people.' The Queen's presents were then handed to the chiefs, who each in turn thanked Her Majesty for her kindness and good wishes. Each chief received a handsomely-bound copy of the Bechuana Testament, with the Royal arms embossed on the cover, and a large framed photograph of Her Majesty for himself, and an Indian shawl for his wife. The chiefs expressed the highest satisfaction at having beheld one whom they had almost been inclined to regard as a myth, saying, 'Now, when we return, we shall be able to tell our people that England has truly a Queen, for we have seen her face and spoken with her; and should any doubters speak, we can show them her presents to us.' Sebele said, 'Her Majesty is charming; she has a kind face and a sweet voice. I have long desired to see the chief of so many millions, as my father did before me; but I have seen her now, and shall go back home contented.'

DOORWAY OF MOSQUE, CORDOBA.

Our picture represents the door of the far-famed mosque of Cordoba—rather, it is the gate of the very extensive court through which the main entrance to the mosque passes. This patio, or court, is planted with orange trees and interspersed with artificial fountains, which, when in play, make quite a fairy-like scene.

In the fifteenth century the mosque was converted into a Roman Catholic Cathedral.

—'Irish Missionary Herald.'

Advanced.

(The 'Christian.')

One of the wisest of modern teachers has stigmatized a widespread tendency in the following scathing words:—

'There is no greater misnomer applied to creeds and opinions than that which lurks in the word "advanced." The man whose creed is the smallest, the most crude and colorless and flimsy, is called "advanced"; while he whose beliefs are richest and most full of hope and liberty is called "slow," "behind the times," and other tardy names. . . . It is no advance, but inertia—no free thought, but dullard slavery—which leads a man into a state like that. Exactness, earnestness, and precise fidelity to the truth of things, are better than a limp negation, and make a man a true, free, and advanced thinker.'

Such 'advanced' thinkers as are described in these words are soon left behind by the world, which at the time idolizes them, while the great teachers of the centuries are ever reappearing above the storms of controversy. The lamps of yesterday are burnt out; the stars shine on for ever.

Not Chance, but God.

(The 'Faithful Witness.')

From the notes of the Acting General Secretary of the Bombay Y.M.C.A., we transfer the following:

The other day a young globe-trotter walked into our office who eight months before had set out on a tour around the world with no faith in Christ. After reaching Japan he had been so impressed with the evil effects of heathenism, in contrast with the fruits of Christian Missions, that he became deeply dissatisfied with his own attitude toward Christ. Just then, coming in contact with a missionary who had been driven from China by the Boxer persecution, he was given a letter of introduction to one of our Association Secretaries in India, whom the writer of the letter supposed to be in Madras, and accordingly directed the inquirer there, in the hope that he might thus be brought into the Light.

Meanwhile, that Secretary had removed some hundreds of miles from Madras, and was living in an out-of-the-way corner far from any Europeans, with a view to more readily learning a vernacular.

The tourist at length landed in India, having altered his plans, in the hope of thus finding rest to his soul. Stopping over a train in order to visit a certain famous temple, he was driving back to the railway station when he noticed a lighted room with the sign 'Y.M.C.A.' in front, and a meeting of Indian young men addressed by a young European. Dismissing his carriage, he went in, and after the meeting found that the speaker was the very man to whom he was on the way to present the letter of introduction, hundreds of miles distant. Our friend the Secretary had come in that very day, for the first time in weeks, and the two went away together to his home out in the dis-

trict, where the tourist gave his heart to Christ.

After completing the round of India, he called at our office on the eve of sailing for Egypt. Here he learned for the first time of Pandita Ramabai's work, and before he left he changed his passage from first class to second, and handed me the difference—Rs. 231—to divide between that work and our Association. Strangely enough the very same day one of our friends who had subscribed Rs. 100 to our work had written postponing the payment of his subscription until after the close of this year. As we had been reckoning on this amount in order to cover all obligations and close this year with a balance, prayer was offered that it might be made up from another source. The answer came within a few hours in the way we have described. Can anyone account for such combinations of circumstances without design and—God?

Post Office Crusade

Will the little girl and boy in Lacomb, Alberta, who send 'Donald' the 'Young People's Weekly,' kindly write him very soon. Their names have been lost, and his mother wishes to write to them.

The little boy and girl who asked for stamps are now well supplied.

Mrs. Wyatt and Mrs. H. Berurch, of Robinson Bury, are thanked for their handsome contribution of a variety of stamps for India. These have been forwarded as desired.

A Friend in Oxbow, Assa., has kindly contributed $1.00 for the renewals of the 'Messenger,' and thanks are also due to A Friend in Gibraltar, Ont., for $1.00, and Miss Annette Cook, for $1.00, all for 'Messengers.' Faithfully yours, Mrs. M. E. Cole, 112 Irvine ave., Westmount, Que.

The Cigarette Evil.

From the W.C.T.U. Dominion Superintendent of Narcotics.

(To the Editor 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Sir,—The Woman's Christian Unions of Canada were thoroughly aroused four years ago to the necessity of doing something to combat the use of the cigarette among the boys and girls. Even infants of tender years were becoming a prey to this terrible vice. After many varied and discouraging experiences in trying to reform cigarette victims, it was decided that the only way was to secure the prohibition of the cigarette, which led to the inauguration of the present campaign. Petitions have been circulated throughout the length and breadth of our Dominion, asking for signatures of representative men and associations for the prohibition of the manufacture, sale and importation of the cigarette in Canada.

The cheapness of the article made it easy to obtain and its novelty introduced it to rich and poor alike. Although we have a tobacco act prohibiting the sale of tobacco or cigarettes to minors, police magistrates have found it an utter impossibility to secure convictions, although it is apparent to everyone that our young people can obtain all they choose to pay for.

At the Children's Aid Convention, held in Hamilton this fall, one gentleman speaker stated that the authorities in his town had offered to give him $10 for every conviction he could secure against selling cigarettes to minors. After many cautions and persevering efforts he was only enabled to procure one. New York felt the inefficacy of securing prosecutions against selling to minors, and not only fined the dealer, but also arrested those found with cigarettes on their person.

To prove my statement, I will relate an experience in our city some time ago. A Christian alderman, also a Sabbath-school superintendent, engaged two Christian boys who were under age to visit the tobacco stores with a view to proving whether the law was being enforced. The boys visited fifty tobacco stores, and without any difficulty purchased cigarettes from forty-eight.

A gentleman school-teacher informed the writer that almost his entire class of boys were cigarette-smokers, and he was convinced that the habit was having a disastrous effect on not only the morals, but that the mental and physical condition of the boys were being greatly impaired.

We believe that much of the white plague, consumption, is largely due to the use of cigarettes, for we can quote instances where physicians have located quantities of nicotine that had formulated ulcers and abscesses on the lungs. Also insanity is attributed to the use of cigarettes and instances have come to our notice where cigarette-smokers have become hopelessly insane.

No person who has the interest of the childrer at heart can afford to view the present crisis with indifference, but should stand shoulder to shoulder with the White Ribbon Army, in their endeavor to secure the prohibition of the manufacture, sale and importation of the cigarette. The only opposition we have to fear is the manufacturer, for retail tobacconists declare that the cigarette brings them into more disrepute than all the rest of their trade.

Some of the American States have been successful in securing the prohibition of the cigarette, such as Maine, Tennessee, and Delaware, while many others prohibit both sale and gift.

Those who are interested in this great question may ask what they can do. The churches, Sabbath-schools and temperance organizations can bring influence to bear on their representative member of the Dominion House of Parliament by interviewing him or by writing, urging him to cast his vote in favor of the abolition of the cigarette when the by-law is presented to the House, about the middle of February.

Trusting that 1903 may be historic for the total extinction of the greatest foe that has ever assailed the life of the nation, I have the honor to be, sincerely yours,

JENNIE WATERS,
Dominion Supt. of Narcotics.
Hamilton, Ont.

BOYS AND GIRLS ASKED TO HELP.

Help wanted at once from the boys and girls of the Dominion of Canada to strike a death-blow at the coffin-nails, or, in other words, cigarettes, which are rapidly demolishing the brains and life-blood of our growing nation. Every Sabbath-school boy and girl, Christian Endeavor member and Sabbath-school teacher can assist the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in this work. First, by asking God to help us eradicate this evil, and, in the second place, by each one individually writing a letter to the Dominion member of Parliament for his constituency, asking him to use his vote and influence to prohibit the manufacture, sale and importation of the cigarette, when the petitions are presented to the House of Parliament in February. If you know of any incident where bad effects have followed the use of cigarettes, state it in your letter, and, if you do not know who your member is, ask your father, teacher, or Sabbath-school superintendent, and each one of you will have entered an open door of usefulness in the beginning of the New Year, 1903. Thanking you for your help in advance, and wishing you all a very happy New Year. I remain, sincerely yours,

JENNIE WATERS,
Dominion Supt. of Narcotics.
Hamilton, Ont.

God's Faithfulness.

(J. Hudson Taylor, M.D., D.D.)

It is when God's faithfulness is fully recognized by us that we shall be enabled to rest in quiet confidence and faith that he will fulfil his word. You are about to set out on a long journey, and expect a train to leave at a certain time. You go to the station a little before the time advertised to leave. You are not anxious about it, and do not say, 'I wonder if the train is coming.' In a few minutes the train comes. You place yourselves in it; and how easily you are conveyed to your destination! You do not require to go in front and pull, or go behind and push; you simply get into the carriage and are carried to your destination. And when you and I rest in the will of God, and trust in the promises of God, we are just as sure of being carried to our destination as we are of being carried to some earthly destination by railway train. If we are in the current of God's will, that will carry us through. Oh, how many times this has been evidenced in the work of the China Inland Mission!

Frozen Pipes.

Why is there no water in the pipes of some of our houses in winter? It is not because the city has no water supply; it is not because the streets are not threaded all through their length from the great reservoirs with a perfect system of piping; it is not that the system of piping does not go into every house. Then why do we turn the tap in vain in our houses? Because there is a block of ice in the pipes. Why is the blessing not leaping and laughing like bubbling water through humanity? It is not because the great ocean and fountain of fulness is not there; it is not because the links of communication between divine fulness and our emptiness are not formed. Christ is there and His church is here, and all the channels and tubes and pipes of prayer and promise and supplication are there. What is wrong? There is ice in the pipe; that is the trouble. The frost has come on our hearts—we are frozen, and need to be thawed out by the fire of the Holy Spirit.—John McNeill, in 'Northfield Year Book.'

Scandal.

Scandal is the repetition of evil. It may or may not be bearing false witness. It is always the setting free upon the air of miasmatic germs to poison society. Stop the tale of scandal by the deaf ear and the sealed lips.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Lad of Mettle

(Thomas McEwen, in 'Sunday Magazine.')

It was a wet, stormy afternoon in January when Johnny first appeared upon the scene. Mr. Coleman, the senior partner, was leaving the office early, and before facing the wind and rain he stood for a few minutes in the hall., buttoning up his mackintosh. The commissionaire was off duty for some reason or other, and as Mr. Coleman pulled open the swinging door and prepared to go out, a dripping little fellow in a coarse, threadbare tweed suit, and with a telegraph badge on his arm, darted in.

'Take care, you young rascal,' cried the senior partner, letting the door swing to as he stood aside to avoid a collision. 'Don't charge into an office as though you were on the football field and were kicking the ball between the goal posts. Ah! let me see these wires,' he went on, stretching out his hand for the thin brown envelopes.

'Can't!' said the youngster concisely,

A DRIPPING LITTLE FELLOW DARTED IN.

making for the door of the manager's office.

'Stop!' cried Mr. Coleman, laying a detaining hand upon the boy's shoulder. 'Why can't you?'

' 'Cause it's not allowed.'

'Not allowed. What do you mean, my lad?'

'I'm not allowed to give telegrams to strangers.'

'Strangers! Of course not; but I'm the master here. I'm Mr. Coleman.'

'Perhaps; but I don't know you; never saw you before. Shan't give 'em to you.'

The situation was amusing; Mr. Coleman smiled. At that moment a pretty, fair-haired girl, one of the firm's typists, came out of the manager's room. The boy called to her:

'Say, miss, who is this man here? He wants to take my telegrams.'

The girl blushed.

'It is Mr. Coleman,' she said.

'There now,' said the senior partner. 'You hear what the lady says. You can safely hand them over to me.'

'Are you quite sure it's O.K., miss? Is he the right man?'

'Oh, yes; I'm quite sure; it's all right,' she assured him.

'Very well, there you are,' said the boy, handing the telegrams over. 'But I'll just go in and tell Mr. Bunting I've given them to you.' And he flashed into the manager's room.

Mr. Coleman went back to his own room leisurely, opening and reading the telegrams as he went.

Next morning, when going through the letters, he said to Bunting:

'I suppose you heard about the boy refusing to give me the wires yesterday?'

'Yes, sir, I did,' replied the manager.

'I like that boy,' said Mr. Coleman. 'See if you can engage him for the office.'

'Very well, sir; I'll see to it.'

Johnny Burke was not easily persuaded to transfer his valuable services from Her Majesty Queen Victoria to Messrs. Coleman and Parker, commoners and manufacturers of linen goods. However, the offer of an extra three shillings weekly convinced him that the change was worth making, and in due course he entered the employment of the firm. He began at the lowest rung of the ladder, and for some months was employed in running errands, copying letters, and making yourself generally useful.

The position was a trying and difficult one to fill, since he was at the beck and call of every member of the large office staff, from the manager down to the youngest typist; but Johnny was equal to it.

He was a very glutton for work; he positively revelled in it, and Mr. Bunting very soon found that if he wanted a message taken to any of the staff, whether in the office or in the works, Johnny's nimble brain could take it in and his ready tongue repeat it with the clearness and accuracy of a phonograph.

On the Christmas Eve following Johnny's appointment, Mr. Bunting sent for him. The boy entered the manager's room quaking inwardly, and wondering if he had at last unwittingly done something for which he was to be reprimanded.

'I have been speaking to Mr. Coleman about you, Burke,' said the manager, 'and have reported to him the progress you have made since you entered the employment of the firm. Although you may have been unaware of it, Mr. Coleman has had his eye upon you'---(Johnny, remembering sundry mental notes he had made during the past few months, smiled internally, though to the manager's eye he was a Sphinx in miniature)'and I may say we are both well satisfied with the way you have done your work. From January 1st your salary will be raised five shillings a week, and you will be placed in charge of the stamps and petty cash.'

Johnny was speechless, but his heart leapt to his throat, and in his mind's eye he saw the dear, careworn face of his widowed mother lighting up with joy as he told her this wonderful piece of news.

'We have every confidence,' continued Mr Bunting, 'that you will fully justify the trust we intend to place in you; and now I have only to give you this little Christmas-box with the compliments of the season.'

He handed Johnny a sealed envelope, laid a kindly hand on his shoulder, and pushed him gently out of the room.

It was characteristic of the boy that he took the envelope home and handed it to his mother unopened. Between them with eager fingers they tore the flap and found inside two beautiful crisp new Bank of Scotland pound notes.

There was not a family in all the great city of Glasgow that had a happier Christmas that year than Johnny Burke and his widowed mother in their little room and kitchen house in Charlotte street, Calton.

Coleman and Parker's factory was situated in what is called the Port Dundas district of Glasgow. Between the works and the counting house lay the Forth and Clyde canal. The general office ran the whole length of the counting house building on the ground floor, and its fourteen windows all looked out on the works across the canal. A couple of high bridges spanning the water were the means of communication between works and office.

Johnny Burke was an important man when on December 31 Mr. Bunting handed

WITH A SAVAGE OATH THE MAN STRUCK THE LAD FULL IN THE TEMPLE.

him the key of the drawer of the safe in which were kept stamps and petty cash.

When business was resumed after the New Year holidays, Nellie Stewart, the pretty typist who had certified to Mr. Coleman's identity nearly a year ago, made a discovery, which she lost no time in imparting to the rest of the staff. It was this: Johnny was wearing cuffs! It is true they were of celluloid; but after wearing them a week, Johnny used to make them as good as new with soap and water and the brush he used for his hands every morning after he had put on the fire and swept up the kitchen for his mother, so that she might have nothing to do but rise and take her breakfast in comfort.

When he had gone out into the dark streets to trudge manfully the three miles from Charlotte street to Port Dundas, she would pause in her work of 'redding up' to lift the little brush, and with shining eyes press her lips to its hard bristles for the sake of the brave boy who was at once husband and child to her widowed heart.

This was something that neither Nellie nor any of the other clerks ever discovered.

Johnny was keenly conscious of his responsibility, but it by no means overwhelmed him. His cuffs were the visible expression of his attitude of mind. He was now a full-fledged clerk, doing a

man's work, and filling an important position.

One Monday night in February he was busy squaring up his stamps and petty cash account before going home. It was about a quarter to eight o'clock, the commissionnaire had just left for the general post-office with the last bagful of letters, and Johnny was alone in the office.

'That's O.K.,' he soliloquized, shutting up his books. 'Balance in stamps £35 4s 6d and cash £5 3s 7d. Now to lock up the safe and cut off home to supper. What'll mother have to-night, I wonder, to restore the energies of the tired man of business? A finnan haddie, maybe; that would just be about my form.'

He rose, carried his stamps and cash to the safe, put them in the drawer, and locked it.

'Heigho! I'm tired,' he said, yawning and stretching his arms above his head.

Next moment the key of the drawer was snatched from his grasp, and he wheeled round in amazement to confront three men with black crape masks over their eyes.

'So kind of you, Mr. Burke,' said one of them jeeringly, 'to hand over your key in that gentlemanly way. We were just thinking we would have to take the trouble to go through your pockets.'

Johnny answered never a word, but his active brain began to work, as it had never worked before.

'We were thinking,' the man went on, 'that we might have to use a little gentle persuasion to make you hand it over, but fortunately you have saved us the trouble. Very considerate, wasn't it, mates? That's the silver key to unlock the golden lock,' he added, holding up the shining key, and stepping towards the safe.

Like a flash came the idea Johnny had been searching for. He darted forward, snatched the key from the man's hand, and sent it crashing through the window into the canal.

With a savage oath the man struck the lad full on the temple, felling him to the floor. When Johnny regained consciousness a few minutes later, one of the three men was working busily at the safe drawer with burglar's tools, and his companions were sitting on stools smoking in silence.

They had dragged Johnny along the floor out of the way, and he lay within a few feet of the open office door. His head throbbed painfully, and he felt sick and sore; but his brain began to work again. Could he outwit the scoundrels yet?

Suddenly his glance fell on the clock, high up on the wall, and his pulses leapt as he saw the minute hand pointing to four minutes to eight o'clock. If he could only get out of the room unobserved all might yet be well, for he remembered that at eight o'clock exactly the fire patrol man was due to enter the office and report himself by telephone to headquarters.

Slowly and noiselessly the boy began to move back towards the door, anxiously keeping his gaze on the three figures beside the safe.

The grating noise of the hand-drill that the man at the safe was using drowned every sound Johnny made as he slowly worked his way towards the door. Three minutes—two minutes—one minute to 8; and with a final silent effort he rolled out of the door, and rising to his feet staggered sick and reeling along the passage leading to one of the bridges spanning the canal.

As he set foot on the bridge, he stumbled into the arms of the fire patrol man on the way to the telephone.

'Quick!' gasped Johnny. 'Burglars—three—drilling the safe drawer now!'

'Eh! what? three burglars?' echoed the man. 'Never mind, my boy, we'll nab them. Run to the time office and tell the three timekeepers to come quick march. I'll wait at the door and see the bold boys don't clear out.

Johnny's head was still throbbing painfully, but the fresh air had revived him, and he ran as he never ran before.

When the four men rushed into the office, the lock of the safe drawer had just given way, and as the three burglars turned round in dismay, a more astonished trio would have been hard to find.

Johnny is now 'on the road' for Coleman and Parker, and the firm has no more trusted representative.

His Three-Cent Stamp.

('The Youth's Companion.')

The clerk of the Conscience Fund in Washington tells a curious little story of the smallest remittance he ever received of conscience money. The sum was ten cents. It was enclosed in a long, anonymous letter, explaining the case.

The conscience-stricken man stated that when he was a boy he received a letter from a friend, upon which there was a three-cent stamp which had accidentally been left uncancelled, and was therefore as good as new. More 'for fun' than for anything else, he used the stamp to pay the postage on his reply, thus cheating the Government out of three cents.

When he had put his letter into the post-office, his conscience began to trouble him. Twenty years passed. Now and then the thought of his little theft would give him an uneasy feeling, and at last he determined to gain relief by restitution. He sent ten cents, so as to be quite sure that he had discharged his obligation, principal and interest.

We believe it is a common occurrence for a mature person to feel reproaches of conscience for acts committed, or duties omitted, at a very early age, and that sometimes the remorse is very deep and painful. There are grey-haired people to-day who would give many hundred ten-cent pieces to recall some wrong act or injustice done; a harsh word spoken to a mother long since mouldered into dust. Memory is a blessing or a curse, and the oldest people cannot forget what passed in their first school-rooms, or at the side of a sainted mother.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Jan. 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The man who drinks has to go to bar four times: first, before the bar of the saloon; second, before the bar of the court; third, behind the bars of the jail; fourth, before the bar of God.—George W. Beaman.

When Herring Begin to Run

(By Frances J. Delano, in 'Congregationalist.')

'February's a short month; then come herrin'.'

Marcia had heard her father say those words over and over again since February began. The poor man was ill, and the winter had been a long, hard one. The family had not been comfortably warm all of the time, and of late there had been a nauseating sameness to the food — one couldn't concoct a great variety of dishes out of just potatoes and meal and milk, especially when one had to be economical with the milk. Under the circumstances it isn't strange that Marcia was glad every time she heard her father say, 'February's a short month; then come herrin'.' She got to humming it over to herself as she helped with the work in the morning and went back and forth to school.

As far as she was concerned she didn't mind eating potatoes and hasty pudding and Johnny-cake three times a day and seven days in the week. Her appetite was excellent, and as for feeling the cold, the thermometer might drop down below zero or climb up to seventy—it was all the same to Marcia. But it was different with the rest of the family—her poor, sick father and anxious mother, and her little sisters and brothers. They were all thin and hollow-eyed, shivering with the cold and longing for something different to eat. Marcia was as plump as a partridge and as happy as a lark. Every feature on her face had an upward curve—mouth, nose and even her jolly blue eyes.

Old Miss Pease, who lived across the street and kept run of everybody in the neighborhood, declared that 'what that girl couldn't think of to make folks comfortable wasn't worth considerin'.' One day she borrowed an old horse and carryall of an old man with whom she had made friends and took the whole family out riding in the country. Miss Pease saw them when they came back, loaded down with all sorts of sweet woodsy things and as happy as kittens.

Another time, when Marcia's mother and father were gone away, Marcia planned a surprise party for them—had the table all set out in the back yard when they came home. Miss Pease could see everything they had for supper—hot biscuit Marcia had made herself, and cream cakes she had bought with money she earned picking berries. Miss Pease declared it was a 'sight for sore eyes to see the family sitting round that table.'

Well, Marcia was always planning some sort of a good time, picnics and drives, and May baskets, and Christmas trees. But this last winter things had been quite different. Her father's illness had made a great change.

One day, early in March, Marcia was coming home from school at a leisurely pace when all at once she stopped short and stared straight before her at nothing at all. 'February's a short month,' she said the words quickly, 'and—then—come—herrin'.' The last words were repeated slowly. 'I wonder if father was thinking about herrin',' she said to herself 'I guess he was,' she exclaimed aloud, 'and thought he'd go catch some same as he has every March—and he can't cause's he's sick. O my!' Marcia caught her breath. 'I never thought of herrin'—I was just thinking of February being a

short month, and then it would be spring. Wouldn't herrin' taste good to father and mother too! Last year he said he'd rather have a herrin' and bread and butter for his supper than all the roast turkey going, and now he can't go catch any.' Marcia stood still a moment and gazed at the little green house where she lived. Then she turned and hurried away as fast as she could for the corner store.

Mr. Higgins was standing in the doorway. 'Have herrin' come?' she asked, eagerly. But it was an unnecessary question; there were a half-dozen strings of them hanging outside the door. 'How much are they?' she demanded.

Mr. Higgins looked down at her. 'They've just begin to run,' he said, shortly. 'They're high—seventy-five cents a dozen—be cheaper in a day or so.'

Marcia turned away. No use to think of herrin' for supper at that price. She hadn't money enough to buy one, let alone enough for supper. She walked home very slowly. By the time she reached the back door she had an inspiration. She remembered last year seeing boys come from the Herring Weir with strings of herring tied to their wheels. How did they get them? Marcia's eyes began to dance—'If Izzie Cox'll lend me her old wheel I'll go see,' she said to herself.

'Mother,' she called, as she hunted in a closet for a basket, 'I'm going somewhere, don't please have supper 'till I get back. Guess I'll get home by half-past five. Good-by'—and she was gone.

Izzie Cox's old wheel was at her disposal, and she was soon spinning along over the highway at a rapid rate.

Marcia was dismayed when she reached the Weir to see a crowd of men and boys gathered there. Some were on the landing, just above where the dam used to be, catching the herring with their hands as they rushed in great numbers down stream, and some stood in groups on the banks watching the fun.

Marcia dismounted on the bridge just below the landing, and stood looking down upon the scene. There wasn't a girl there, not one. If she had been younger and a little smaller she wouldn't have hesitated, but she was twelve and very large for her age. How she'd look on the platform with all those boys. She knew some of them by sight, but they were rough boys, most of them, and Marcia had never spoken to them. What should she do? If she waited until they went away it would be too late for supper, and probably too dark to see the herring. Oh, what beauties they were; and what a lot of them; and how glad her father'd be to have them, a whole basket full! She could catch them just as well as the boys, she knew. She couldn't help it if she was a girl.

Marcia forgot everything else but the look in her father's eyes when he should smell and taste those herring. She was down on the platform with the men and the boys before she quite realized what she was doing. The boys eyed her curiously at first, and then they began to wink at each other. Like the average among the rough element they were critical in regard to women, and they did not hesitate to ridicule anything that seemed to them bold and unwomanly.

'Look out there, Jimmie,' shouted a big boy, 'don't run up agin the gurl.'

'They'll bite ye, Sis,' bawled a red-haired youngster, 'ye better run home.'

'I say,' exclaimed a third, 'fishin's second nater to gurls, don't it?'

There was a loud laugh at this remark, and Marcia's cheeks flushed, but she kept on catching herring as fast as she could.

When the boys saw she was not going to be frightened away, they became bolder and more personal in their remarks. Finally one of them pushed another towards Marcia and he almost fell over her. The girl threw out one hand to steady herself, and then she turned round and faced the boys. No one at home would ever have guessed that those fiery cheeks and blazing eyes belonged to Marcia's jolly little round face. She was so angry she stamped her foot twice before she could say a word.

'You ought to be ashamed,' she cried, and down went her foot again on the rickety platform. 'A great crowd of boys picking on just one girl. You're just cowards every one of you. If my father was well, I wouldn't be here, but he's sick and he wants some herrin' and I'm going to get 'em for him—even if you push me into the river.' Marcia's blazing eyes swept the crowd.

If she had turned right round then and there and gone to catching herring again the boys would not have minded so much, but there she stood and held them with her eyes, until they didn't know which way to look. One boy started to express his astonishment by a long, low whistle, but the silence was altogether too still for him. Another wanted to shout, 'Hurrah for the gurl,' but he didn't feel sure the other boys would join in. So they all stood and waited awkwardly, with the crowd on the banks watching, until Marcia got ready to turn her back and go on with her fishing.

When her basket was full she left the platform without glancing to right or left, and went upon the bridge for her wheel. As she was about to mount it one of the men who had been watching the boys from the opposite bank shouted, 'Boys, three cheers for the girl who's got spunk enough to stand her ground. Now! once! twice! hurrah!'

It was a rousing cheer, and every boy on the platform took off his cap and swung it over his head shouting, 'hurrah,' with all his might. The crowds on the banks joined in.

Marcia turned her bright face towards them for a moment and then away she went, spinning down the bank, the click of the old wheel keeping time as she said over and over again,—'Father shall have herrin' for supper,—'Father shall have herrin' for supper.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00, for Great Britain, Montreal and foreign countries, except United States, add 50 cts. for postage.

The Swedish government is waging a stern fight against drunkenness. It imprisons all relapsed drunkards in houses of correction and doses them with rum in all their food and drinks until they become utterly nauseated with it. This treatment is said to effect a permanent cure in nine cases out of ten

Mary, the Selfish Scholar

(Bishop John H. Vincent, in 'Studies in Young Life.')

Mary, a schoolgirl, is now at home again. She was away for a long time—at preparatory school—at college. She went through a full course. Even when at home attending high school Mary might almost as well have been away. School life, even though the student be at home, is often such engrossing work that young people lose home influence while yet at home. And this is an unfortunate thing.

There is an education which every girl needs—and every boy, too—which no school can give and which is more important than the education that the school does give. It is an education in things of life—every-day life—things practical and 'common'—pertaining to habits and manners and ways of speaking and of answering when spoken to and of helping and smoothing things down and brightening things up; an education for parlor life and dining-room life and bedroom life and kitchen life; an education in burden-bearing and errand-going; an education in tones of voice and in managing the facial nerves and in governing the temper. Well, there are many things Mary ought to have learned before going to school and practiced at home while going to school. It would have given her a better start and made her great parchment diploma worth so much more.

Mary is now at home—she and her diploma. If all the things which the diploma says in Latin about Mary are true in English, she is a remarkable girl. And she is. She seems wise beyond her years. And the investigation of ordinary people of her acquaintance, by the tests which she applies to the extraordinary people of history, is sometimes as comical as it is wonderful. College did a deal for Mary.

Mary's tastes are delicate and accurate. She is a versatile girl. Mary can be almost anything she wants to be. She could be a writer and command a price. She could give lectures on literature, art and music. She could teach almost anything anywhere. Money has been spent upon her. She had the faculties to begin with and she has improved them faithfully. She shines in society. Men admire her. Some women envy her. When the glow of achievement is on Mary's face in the parlor after the song has been sung, the musical selection played, the fine passage from Shakespeare or Robert Browning recited, or while the brilliant discussion is going on, Mary's mother is proud of her. She looks into the girl's fine illuminated face and says to herself, 'Mary is a wonderful girl!'

Mother thinks another thought. She thinks it but does not speak it. She does not, however, wholly succeed in suppressing the sigh that grows out of the thought. Why should Mary's mother sigh at thought of Mary? Sure enough, why? Because she knows Mary. She sees both sides of her—the society side and the home side—the matter-of-fact every-day side. She sees through the fine show into the secret soul. She knows what she dare not tell. She does not want to tell it. She wishes she did not know it. She wishes that what she knows were unreal, so that she could not know it. In fact, for we might as well out with it, Mary is an incarnation of refined selfishness. Mary is polished marble. She is selfish—a selfish

scholar, a selfish artist, a selfish critic, a selfish talker. She is a product of the one-sided education which looks only at the intellect and neglects the heart and conscience. She has no sympathy with the children at home. They jumped for joy when they knew she was coming home from school. She froze their joy within twenty-four hours by her want of interest in their simple pleasures and by her sharp rebuke of their 'noise.' She is 'proud' of her father when he is dressed for society and thinks her mother 'looks pretty well' when ready for church—but that is all. Father might come home with aching head, with anxiety over some business matter, but she must practice her new sonata whether it is agreeable to aching heads or not. Mother is sometimes very tired—very tired, caring for children, carrying on kitchen work, superintending the sewing woman, preserving fruits, and a pair of hands could relieve her so much. But Mary has Crawford's or James's new novel and doesn't want to be disturbed and wishes the 'children would be quiet,' and thinks—and says—'What a nuisance babies are, anyhow!' For folks at home Mary has no smiles, no sympathy, no help. For society she has time and suavity, song and talk, inexhaustible resources and unwearying patience. No wonder mother sighed.

Mary needs more schooling. She should take a post-graduate course. The sooner she registers and begins the better. She needs to learn what a mean thing selfishness is, and to look upon it with loathing. She needs to see that culture of the intellect and of the 'tastes' is a very small part of education, and that without tenderness and the spirit of self-sacrifice and of helpfulness, it is not only useless, but is a curse to those who have it. She needs a course in kitchen work and nursery sympathy and sitting-room manners. She needs to know how to spell the words 'gratitude,' and 'honesty,' and 'patience'; and how to pronounce the words 'father,' 'mother,' 'brother,' and 'sister,' so that there shall be heart in the sound; and to read the words of the Lord Jesus, 'Take up thy cross and follow me'; and how to sing,

'Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.'

What pictures she could then paint! What a light would then shine in her face! And mother looking on could say, and without a sigh, 'Mary is a wonderful girl.'

To the Rescue

(Arthur Ward, in 'Good Cheer.')

Ah Lee dodged, but he did not dodge quickly enough.

The rock struck him on the foot, and a stout club, skilfully thrown, hit the basket of clothing which he carried and it fell to the ground scattering the nicely ironed shirts in the dust of the gutter.

In the thick of a volley of stones he picked up the garments and limped away, followed by the jeers of a crowd of schoolboys, who seemed happy in the pleasure of the sport.

Frank Howland, from the High School, coming along just then, called to the boys, 'Here, let up on that! What are you chaps doing? You are a nice crowd, aren't you?'

'What are you goin' to do about it?' shouted a well-dressed boy in the crowd.

'Going to make you leave off,' said Frank.

'Oh, you are, are you?' responded the boy. 'I'd like to see you. You don't run us.'

'Twouldn't be much credit to run such a lot as you are, any way,' answered Frank, 'but if I see you try a thing like that again I'll have the patrol-waggon up here and let you try a ride to the station.'

But the boy was unquenched, for he yelled furiously, while he danced around on the sidewalk. 'Do it! Do it! I'd just like to see you try it! Give him a groan,' he called to the crowd.

And to the sound of groans and cat-calls Frank passed on, his cheek flushed and his blood boiling.

A grocer standing in a doorway at the next street corner smiled at him as he was passing, saying, 'That Williams boy is a hard lot. You can see that thing done 'most any day. The boys think it's good fun, and there's nobody to stand up for a Chinaman. If they rent a place for a laundry they have to board up all the front windows, or they have them broken all the time.'

Frank had stopped under the grocer's awning, his eyes following the boys as they passed on, while he listened to the man's remarks. Then he replied, 'And it isn't the smaller boys, either, that do it all The hoodlums and young toughs, men grown, of the town, think nothing of breaking in a Chinaman's door or knocking one down on the street. Something ought to be done to stop this thing. I believe I'll do it myself.'

The next day, after school hours, Frank turned his steps towards the City Hall, and descending the basement steps into the cool hallway, passed on in the half-lighted passage into the office of the Police Department. Here he was greeted by a big bluff Captain of the Police who filled his uniform very full and who talked in a loud tone of voice.

Frank related the incident of the day before and asked if boys engaged in assaulting Chinamen could not be arrested and fined or punished in some way.

The officer looked bored as he said, 'Sonny, did you come 'way down here to ask such questions as that?'

'Yes,' said Frank.

'Well, then, you'd better run right home to your ma again. Do you think the police put in their time on such things as that?'

'I don't know I supposed they were to keep the peace.'

'That's what we do. You just show us somebody fightin' and we'll pull 'em in quick enough, but we are to arrest thieves and murderers. That's our business.'

'But my father is a taxpayer. Now suppose he wants a thing like this attended to. Doesn't he pay his part towards running the Police Department?'

'Not much he don't. The saloon-keepers pay for the police.'

Frank found that there was great indifference on the subject of his inquiry. But he was persistent, and finally learned that there was no ordinance that was likely to touch boys who stoned Chinamen, or if there was one that might touch the offence a little, when the offenders came before the Police Judge they were generally mildly lectured and then discharged.

Frank's father was a prominent lawyer of the city, and Frank meant to be a lawyer some day.

He tried the District Attorney, but he could not get much satisfaction from him, and finally, at dinner-time, he appealed to his father.

He seemed interested. Drawing back his chair from the table as he finished his dinner, he listened to Frank.

'So you think, my boy, that the Chinamen are abused?'

'Yes, sir; I do. Don't you?'

'Well, I think they are. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a letter to my friend Jackson, who is on the City Council, and you can go and see him; and if he encourages you I'll draw an ordinance that I think can be made to work so as to do some good in the matter.'

On the day that Frank found Mr. Jackson he was in a committee room with several members of the Council. He read the older Howland's letter, and, looking up, he said, 'These gentlemen are on a committee with me, but I guess we can spare a few moments for you. I think from what your father says that you had better tell us what you have on your mind.'

Frank felt a little abashed in the presence of the busy-looking men. But he began. He related what he had seen of the Chinamen's trouble and his adventure at the Police Department and with the District Attorney. He appealed to them in the name of humanity and of the respectability of the city, and argued that in a so-called Christian community no one, much less a heathen, should be abused as were the Chinese population continually. As Frank debated frequently at the High School, he was quite a logical and pleasing speaker. His audience was very attentive.

When he stopped, after speaking for a few moments, he was in a fine glow of exalted enthusiasm.

Mr. Jackson said, 'Well, well, I think you'll be helping your father in some of his cases soon. You're right, my boy. These things that you have told us about are a shame and disgrace to a civilized country. You get your father to draw up an ordinance, and I'll work for it first and last.'

And Mr. Jackson was as good as his word.

An intelligent Chinaman, who spoke English well, heard of Frank's campaign and had a copy of the ordinance pasted up in the houses and shops of almost every Chinaman in the city.

The Celestials provided themselves with policemen's whistles, and now in that city they have an easier life and the young ruffians of the mansion and the juvenile street-arabs withhold their hands from attacking Chinamen, for they have learned that they now have some protection.

The Chinamen all over town know Frank, his numerous souvenirs of silk handkerchiefs and Chinese curios show that they are grateful, as they usually are, to all who are kind to them. With Frank's example in mind, would that others would lend a hand and do likewise. For the strong should help the weak, and the brave will stand for right.

The 'Beacon Light' says that Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, General Buller, and Major-General Baden Powell are all non-smokers.

Poor Papa

(Pansy, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

I have a young friend who is the cherished daughter of a lovely home. She has one baby brother; there were other brothers and sisters, whom God has taken. For this reason, perhaps, the baby is even more tenderly cared for than usual; and, as he is nervous and wakeful, the mother's evenings are largely spent in the nursery.

The father is a man of heavy business cares and responsibilities, and overwork has so taxed his eyes that he is forbidden to make any use of them in the evening. The consequence is that evening after evening he sits alone in a pleasant family sitting-room well supplied with easy chairs that are all vacant, well furnished with books and papers that he must not touch. The alcove at the south end is used as a music room, and a fine piano is open and strewn with music; but its keys rarely sound of evenings, although the father is fond of music, and has spent many hundreds of dollars on his daughter's musical education.

And that daughter? Why, she is the secretary of one organization, the treasurer of another, and the executive force of a third! These, in connection with her Sabbath-school work, her choir practice, and her position as director of the Young Woman's Home, take every evening of her week.

'Poor papa!' she says as she kisses him good-night before hurrying to an appointment, 'it is too bad you can't read. Perhaps mamma will be down early to-night, though I am afraid she won't; for little Carl is fussing with his new teeth.' And then she hurries away without a thought that her first duty is in that lonesome room where her overtired father sits alone and tries not to think of ledgers, and columns of figures, and notes soon due; and in spite of himself lives over the day's cares not only, but shoulders the morrow's burdens.

But would you have the girl shirk the duties she has assumed. No, indeed; I would have her assume the duties she has shirked. I would have her resign forthwith from at least two, perhaps three, of the societies to which she is giving her work, and throw all her energy and spare time into the remaining one. All the time she has, if she chooses, after the duties and obligations of home have been fully met.

There are many little home duties being left undone, and many little home privileges running to waste because daughters are too efficient outside. Yes, I am using that word thoughtfully. There is such a thing as being too efficient. You know them, don't you? Those splendid girls, upon whom are being pressed and crowded offices and responsibilities.

'O now, my dear, you understand the work so well, and have been so successful! Please don't refuse. It is so hard to get a new person well fitted to the routine work. No matter if your hands are full, it is always the busy people to whom we go for help. Why, mamma says I haven't an hour left for home any more!'

The young woman laughs gayly as she says it, and believes, really, that she has been even complimented, instead of condemned, by that statement of her mother, which one can feel almost certain was given with a note of reproach. And the one being coaxed smiles faintly, and feels herself complimented, and feels that she ought to be as efficient as that other, and accepts the office, and gives her last evening, it may be, to the work, when both of those young women ought to take up a third worker,—a timid one, perhaps,—and give her the help she needs, and the oversight that she needs, for a time, and develop her into a worker as efficient as themselves, and use the leisure so gained, not for a new office, but for home.

Remember that God gives to you only one home where father and mother preside and where the little children look up to you as their elder sister, to be moulded more or less, whether you will or not, by your example? Will you remember that the swift years are passing, and that in the natural course of events father and mother and home will slip away from you, and that what shouldering of their burdens you would do, or what loving ministry you would give to them, must be done quickly?

Don't imagine for a moment that the organizations you love and the work you are faithfully doing for the master's sake will fail because he has other duties for you, which cannot be taken up without laying down some that have been yours. He has other workers, some who are lying idle because you, who are so efficient, are doing too much.

Constant Good Company.

('Christian Work.')

The most charming companion I ever met was a plain little woman whose life for years had been entirely given up to the care of an old invalid demented father, an old man who demanded her constant presence in his darkened room during his waking hours, in the few spare moments she had while going through the usual routine of household duties.

Poor, living in the backwoods, where she never saw any society, she gained a depth of mind and a power of expression far superior to many of her old schoolmates, who had shown great promise, and had possessed every advantage. Indeed she was neither 'smart' nor particularly studious at school, but excessively fond of fun, excitement, and company.

One day I asked her the secret of the change.

She laughed: 'I have been enjoying constant pleasant company for the last few years.'

I stared, mystified. She drew from her pocket a little quotation book, and pointed to two quotations, 'My own thoughts are my companions,' and 'They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.' There were several other quotations written on the margin, and the pages were well thumbed.

She said earnestly, 'Looking back over my girlhood I know that there is a fatal defect in the training of our girls; our words, our actions receive attention, we are given advice and instruction in every point but in our thinking. I did not have even a conception of entertaining myself by my own thoughts; I wanted all the time to be amused by something or somebody outside of myself. Then came that plunge into poverty, sadness, and loneliness; at first I believed I should become insane, then God must have directed me to this little book, too worthless to be sold when our library went. One other quotation chained my mind, "Our thoughts are heard in Heaven," and I began recalling my thoughts. How disgusted I was with them! Round and round in a weary rut of repining they had travelled, or even if not repining, how stupid, how unelevating they had been! From that hour I determined my thoughts should be inspiring companions.

'Not more than an hour can I ever read a day. Our books scarcely number a dozen, but since I began to think, one verse of the Bible will unfold and unfold until it blossoms into a wonderful revelation, and I hope bears fruit. Before, I did not take time to wait for the unfolding and the fruit-bearing.'

'But I can't control my thoughts,' I objected; 'they will dwell on any trouble or worry I have.'

'Paul tells us that in our warfare our weapons are "mighty to cast down our imaginations," "bringing into captivity every thought"; that promise is a great help when I feel despairing over my wrong thoughts. To keep down the disagreeable ones, to shake myself free from the servitude of the daily fretting tasks, I drill myself into meditating on pleasant subjects, just as I would drill my tongue in company to make pleasant speeches.'

'Tell the girls you teach and write to, how true it is that "The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible," also that this art cannot be learned when the feebleness of age has weakened the control of the mind.'

When she had left me I remembered she was the only person who had not made inane remarks about the weather. Do you suppose it was because thoughts had occupied her mind, not empty turning of the mental wheels?

If the mill grinds not grist, it will grind itself; if the mind feeds not on thought, it preys upon itself, and is its own destroyer.

A PECULIAR ORE.

Every reader of this paper who is interested in discoveries along the lines of mineralogy or medicine should read the announcement on page fifteen of this paper from Theo. Noel, Toronto, Ontario, proprietor of the famous Vitae-Ore, a peculiar mineral mined from the ground, which possesses wonderful medicinal properties when oxidized and dissolved in water. This peculiar Ore was first discovered by Theo. Noel, at that time a prospecting geologist, now president and principal owner of the Theo. Noel Company, whose main office is at Chicago, Ill. Since its discovery this remarkable product has been instrumental in curing thousands upon thousands of people all over the country of all manner of diseases and has wrought many wonderful cures among the readers of this paper, the announcements of the company having appeared in this publication from time to time and been accepted by a large number of our readers. The offer made by Mr. Noel is almost as remarkable as the Ore itself. They do not ask for cash, but desire each person to use the Ore for thirty days' time before paying one cent and none need pay unless positively benefited. The offer, which is headed 'PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS,' is certainly an original one and can be read and accepted with profit by every ailing person. The company is reliable and will do as they agree.—Advt.

Ion Keith-Falconer

(Florence M. Tabor, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Descendant of one of the oldest and noblest families of Scotland, ablest stenographer in England, fastest-bicycle rider in the world, Oxford professor of Arabic, and one of the best Semitic scholars in Europe, missionary at his own expense to a race hardest in the world to reach—such is the record in brief of a man who died at the age of thirty-one.

Ion Keith-Falconer was born in 1856 in a home well calculated to preserve and develop his hereditary Christian spirit. He showed from infancy one of those rare dispositions in which all good qualities are perfectly blended. The incidents of his childhood—reading the Bible to cottagers, giving his entire allowance of pocket-money to feed a hungry lad, begging his tutor to talk to him of Christ—would in most children indicate a deplorable priggishness. But to him they were only natural incidents of an ordinary merry boy's life. At Harrow and at Cambridge he was always eager to help others, offering even to give all his leisure to coach the inferior student who had asked in vain for a few whispered words of help on an examination. The exact truthfulness, which in a prig would have made enemies, never lost him a friend.

Equally eager was he for all genuine 'fun' and healthful amusement. Although delicate, rather than robust, he became an expert on the wheel. Indeed, in whatever he undertook he always stood at the head, easily. On several occasions he defeated, in races of varying distance, John Keen, then the professional champion of the world. He learned shorthand without a teacher, first merely for amusement, afterward as a valuable aid in accomplishing his literary work. His notes were legible, swift, accurate, and with elegantly formed characters. Because of his thorough mastery of principles he was invited to write the article on this subject for the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica.' While writing it he went to Oxford for the express purpose of examining rare works on the subject.

During his college days he gave liberally to charity, not only of his money, but of his time and personal work so far as his studies, the first duty at that time, would permit. After graduation he was of great assistance in city-mission work in London. From this the consideration of the foreign field, for one of his wide sympathies, was but a step. His travels, his study of Arabic, his needs in a particular place, all led his interest to the Mohammedans of Arabia, ending in his offering his services to the Free Church of Scotland, to pay the expenses of himself and wife as missionaries to Aden, to pay a medical assistant for seven years, to erect a mission home and hospital at his own expense.

Of course the offer was accepted, but before the home was completed the hero was stricken with a fatal tropical fever due to the unhealthy location of his temporary home. Yet his life was not lost; for, when the news of his death reached England, a dozen young men, inspired by his example, offered to take up his unfinished task. With all his honors, it is not as a stenographer, racer, writer, speaker, professor, or missionary that he will be longest remembered, but as a whole-souled, symmetrical type of young manhood.

What he was is shown by the following quotations from him:

'To enjoy the blessing and happiness God gives, and never to stretch out a helping hand to the poor and wicked, is a most horrible thing.'

'The usual centre is self, the proper centre is God. If therefore one lives for God, one is out of centre, or eccentric, with regard to people who do not.'

'It is not always zeal that is best; you must have zeal mixed with a little common-sense.'

'Perhaps you try to think that you are meant to remain at home, and induce others to go. By going yourself you will produce a tenfold more powerful effect. You can give and pray for missions wherever you are.'

'While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism or of Islam, the burden of proof is upon you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by him to keep you out of the foreign-mission field.'

'Pray constantly for me, that I may have my path in life more clearly marked out for me, or (which is perhaps a better request) that I may be led along the path intended for me.'

'I must say something about Jesus Christ because I think he ought never to to be left out; and that is the fault I find with parties and balls and theatres: Jesus Christ, who is all in all, is utterly left out.'

Fidelity to Duty

(Sara V. Du Bois, in 'The Christian Intelligencer.')

'I'm afraid Edgar will never make a marked success in life,' said Mr. Thomson; 'he seems too much afraid of doing more than he has mapped out as his duty.'

'I have noticed that fault in Edgar,' remarked his business partner, 'and I have wondered if something could not be done to awaken this young man from such notions. You will notice aways as the clock strikes five he is ready, hat in hand, to leave the office. Of course his time has expired, but then nothing is ever lost by being willing to do more than is required. It was honest Pat, who, upon being told that he had a good master, and that he could not do too much for him, replied, 'Sure, and I don't intend to try!' Evidently Edgar has made up his mind equally as well, not to do too much in the interest of this business firm, and the question is, "can we afford to keep him?" '

The young man in question was lightly swinging along the street, glad to be relieved from the pressure of the office. He had no idea about the conversation which at that moment was being carried on about him. His friends had told him he was a particularly lucky fellow to secure the position, and perhaps he was, but he had no intention of working himself needlessly to death. He idly kicked aside a bit of card on the street, then paused, attracted by the words he saw thereon: 'The true way to live is to bring to each duty that comes to our hands our best skill, our wisest thought, our most earnest endeavor.'

Certainly that was not the way he had started out, and it gave him more food for thought than had lately occupied his mind. He thought of his employers, kind-hearted business men, who worked untiringly, never seeming to fret about results. He questioned what he was doing for them in turn, and his footsteps quickened, and his face flushed as he realized his position. 'If they think I am giving my best skill they must have a poor opinion of my ability,' he told himself. He looked at his watch, then started about, it was only fifteen minutes past six; perhaps he could still find them at the office. In less than ten minutes he stood before them, hat in hand.

'You look surprised at my presence, but I came to tell you that I have not been doing my whole duty by you, but with God's help I shall do it in the future.'

'Upon my word, Edgar,' said the head member of the firm, 'you have certainly redeemed yourself on this occasion; we were just in the act of discussing your speedy dismissal from our employ. A young man, who had no more seeming interest in his work than you appeared to have, was not of much use to us in a business capacity. But if you are going to turn over a new leaf, we'll give you the chance.'

The lesson was one which no young man was likely to forget, and as the weeks slipped by, the firm scarcely knew him for the same person, so thorough and energetic had he become, so ready and willing to serve in the interest of the house. 'We could hardly get along without you these days, Edgar,' said the senior member.

Then his face flushed with joy as he thought of his narrow escape.

A Common Mistake.

(Priscilla Leonard.)

'Poor Dorothy! If she only could have some of the things she wants! It is pathetic to hear that girl talk and see the longing in her eyes.'

'I used to think so,' said Cousin Jean, in an uncompromising tone. 'But now it only puts me out of patience to hear Dorothy say "if" all the time. "If" is all very well at sixteen; but at twenty-three "whereas" is the proper word. And Dorothy has never learned to say "whereas" and probably never will, which means discomfort and discontent for herself and her family and everyone who comes in contact with her.'

'I don't see what you mean,' said the first speaker. ' "Whereas" isn't a word that a great many people use, anyway. It belongs to sets of resolutions, and all that. But for every-day talk——'

'Most people use "if," ' broke in Cousin Jean. 'That's where they make a great mistake; and Dorothy is the worst example of it I know. Don't you see that all the difference between a happy and unhappy point of view in life is just the difference between "If I only had that!" and "Whereas I have this?" Dorothy keeps remarking to herself and those around her, "If I only could travel how much wider my life would be!" "If I only had wealth how much good I could do!" "If I only had a great talent how happy I would be in using it!" and so on. But suppose Dorothy had the sense to say, "Whereas I have good health, I will undertake some work for others that requires youth and strength"; "Whereas I have leisure. I will widen my life by study and thought"; "Whereas I have a pleasant home and friends, I will forget myself and try to make my family and my friends happy

in every way, however small, that I can think of." That set of resolutions would be a declaration of independence indeed. It would make Dorothy independent of "ifs" and happy in her freedom. Happiness, if Dorothy is ever to know it at all, must come from what she has, and not from what she doesn't have. "It is what they do not have that makes thousands wretched," said a wise man once, and he might have said that it is with what they do have that wise people make happiness for themselves.'

'But how about a "divine discontent?" Isn't there such a thing, and doesn't it keep the world struggling forward, after all?' asked the other thoughtfully

'Ah, but a divine discontent is never a discontent with necessary conditions. It is usually a noble discontent with one's self which leads steadily higher. But Dorothy isn't discontented with herself—not a bit. Her complaining is all about conditions, and that is anything but the mark of a high nature. Great natures don't fret over small surroundings; they just fill them full, and overflow them, and inevitably make larger boundaries. Dorothy's mistake is the mistake of a narrow soul—not of one too large for its place, as she thinks. That's why I have no particular sympathy for her. She isn't pathetic; she's just foolish,' and Cousin Jean's pleasant mouth set itself firmly as she finished.

Do Not Be a Second-Class Man.

('Success.')

You can hardly imagine a boy saying: 'I am going to be a second-class man. I don't want to be first-class, and get the good jobs, the high pay. Second-class jobs are good enough for me.' Such a boy would be regarded as lacking in good sense, if not in sanity. You can get to be a second-class man, however, by not trying to be a first-class one. Thousands do that all the time, so that second-class men are a drug on the market.

Second-class things are only wanted when first-class cannot be had. You wear first-class clothes if you can pay for them, eat first-class butter, first-class meat, and first-class bread; or if you do not, you wish you could. Second-class men are no more wanted than any other second-class commodity. They are taken and used when the better article is scarce, or is too high-priced for the occasion. For work that really amounts to anything, first-class men are wanted.

Many things make second-class men. A man menaced by dissipation, whose understanding is dull and slow, whose growth has been stunted, is a second-class man, if, indeed, he is not third-class. A man who, through his amusements in his hours of leisure, exhausts his strength and vitality, vitiates his blood, wears his nerves till his limbs tremble like leaves in the wind, is only half a man, and could in no sense be called first-class.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Hungry for Kisses.

(Ida T. Thurston, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Two young girls had gone to the orphan asylum one Sunday afternoon to teach in the Sunday-school there as substitutes for regular teachers who were absent. One of them taught the infant class; and, when the lesson was over, a little blue-eyed tot caught hold of the girl's dress, and, looking up, whispered pleadingly, 'Please, teacher, won't you kiss me?'

'To be sure I will, you dear baby!' the girl cried; and, dropping down on one of the low benches, she drew the child close and kissed her again and again. In an instant the others swarmed about, boys and girls alike holding up hungry faces for kisses. The girl's eyes filled with quick tears as she looked into the eager little faces.

Her friend, who had taught an older class, stood at the door of the infant room, looking on, half-laughing, half-impatient.

'Do come along, Helen,' she called at last; and, as Helen gently put aside the little warm, clinging fingers and joined her, the other girl exclaimed with a touch of scorn: 'I don't see how you could have all those mussy little things hugging and kissing you. See how they've tumbled your dress!'

Helen glanced down at her dress; it surely had suffered from the little loving hands, but her eyes were shining through a mist of tears as she answered gently, 'You know they have no mothers to kiss them, Gertie.'

Somehow Gertie could find no answer for that; and, as the two reached the street, Helen went on, 'Did you notice Sadie Burns, the little brown-eyed thing with the blue veins on her forehead '

'The one that clung to your dress to the last minute?'

'Yes, that was Sadie. The matron told me that one day when Sadie was sick a lady who is very fond of her, and who often vists at the asylum, came to see her, and brought a little puppy that she thought would amuse her. Of course the child was delighted with the puppy, and at last the lady said to her, "If you could have just what you wanted most, all for yourself, Sadie, what would it be?"

'She thought that the little thing would want the puppy, and she meant to give it to her if the matron was willing; but Sadie put the dog down at once, and, stepping close to the lady, leaned on her knee and, looking up at her with those big solemn brown eyes, she said, "I'd like most of anything to sit in your lap a few minutes, just as if I was your own little girl." '

Gertie turned impulsively to her friend. 'I never imagined that they felt so, Helen,' she cried remorsefully.

'They don't all, of course,' Helen answered; 'but I know that some do, and I can't bear to think of little children going hungry for kisses. I can't give them mother kisses, but I do the best I can, even if my dress does suffer a little.'

Superstition.

It is a remarkable fact that when men revolt from Revelation on the ground that it is unreasonable, they often gravitate either towards immorality or superstition. Mrs. Annie Besant could not endure the Bible because of its 'superstitions;' she has, however, found herself able to accept the crudities and absurdities of a 'religion' which teaches the existence of mahatmas, astral bodies, and impossible re-incarnations. And now, concurrently with the present indifference towards, or the revolt from Divine Revelation, we have an extraordinary revival of gross superstition. Fortune-telling has of late assumed colossal proportions, and we are informed that society people are crowding to the rooms of professed sorcerers. The heavy fines which have been imposed upon some of these imposters seems to have no effect in diminishing the rush after them. How true it is that when men deliberately refuse Divine Light, a nemesis demands that they shall become victims of the grossest follies!—'The Christian.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issu of Jan. 10, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The War Cloud in Morocco—The 'Evening Post' and 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Land of Manaus—Venezuela and its People—'The 'Daily Graphic,' London.
The Cuba of the Present—Havana correspondence of the New York 'Times.'
The Late Archbishop of Canterbury—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Anecdotes of the late Archbishop—'Daily News,' London.
Older Edinburgh—By Alexander Innes Shand, in 'The Saturday Review,' London.
Strike Settlements in France—By Paul Leroy Beaulieu, in 'L'Economiste Francais,' Paris.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Chip Carving—By M. E. Reeks, in 'The Art Journal,' London.
Wood Engraving, a Passing Art?—By Chas. H. Coffin, in the 'International Studio.'
A History of English Porcelain—Birmingham 'Post.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

'Twas Very Long Ago—By Eugene Field.
A Sunset in January—Poem, by Francis Bartlett, in 'Methodist Magazine.'
Recompense—Poem—'The Pilot,' London.
The Art of Joseph Conrad—By Hugh Clifford, in 'The Spectator,' London.
An Author at Grass—Autumn—I.—Extracts from the private papers of Henry Ryecroft. Edited by George Gissing, in 'Fortnightly Review,' London.
The English Novel in the Nineteenth Century—Part I.—'The Edinburgh Review.' Abridged.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Country Schools—The New Plan—By Clarence H. Mateon, in 'The Outlook,' New York.
The Heavens in January—By Henry Norris Russell, Ph.D., in the 'Scientific American,' New York.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

'World Wide'

BUT, Subscribers to the 'Messenger' may have 'World Wide' at the specially reduced rate of 75 Cents,

Will be sent to any address for twelve months for $1.00.

by sending this coupon, or they can have the 'Messenger' and 'World Wide' for 12 months on trial, the two papers for a dollar bill.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Leaper Who Was Healed

('Our Little Dots.')

In the East there is a dreadful illness called leprosy, and the people who have it are called lepers. No doctor can cure it. It begins with spots on the eyelids and the hands, and then it spreads all about the body. At last the body gets so full of leprosy that the poor leper dies.

At the time when Jesus lived on the earth lepers were not allowed

to come into cities. They had to go about with nothing on their heads, and with their clothes torn, and their mouths covered over; and when they saw anybody coming they had to call out, 'Unclean! unclean!' That meant, 'Don't come near me, I am a leper!' Nobody was allowed to touch a leper.

One day a leper came to Jesus, and knelt down before him, saying, 'If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

Jesus felt full of pity for the poor man, and he put out his hand, and touched him, and said, 'I will; be thou clean.' And at once the leper was well.

Sin is like leprosy. A child's naughtiness does not look very bad; it is only like a little spot. But it spreads and gets stronger as the child gets older, and no one but Jesus can take it away.

When the leper was healed he was allowed to go into cities among the people who were well. And if Jesus has called us to be his own loved ones we shall in God's good time be allowed to go to heaven, to be with God and the angels, and with all the holy people there. When you are tempted to be naughty, pray, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God!'

Chinese Children.

(By the Rev. F. W. S. O'Neill, M.A., Moukden, North China, in 'Daybreak.')

My Dear Boys and Girls,—Just now I should like to tell you something about the children of China, so far as I have come to know about them. Let us take the girls first. That's polite, isn't it?

Well, suppose we have a little girl, perhaps quite nice-looking and pleasant, but with the name given by her parents—'Dog's Leavings.' The reason why this horrid name was given to her was because, when very young, she was so ill that she nearly died, and if she had died, she would have been thrown to the dogs to eat. But because she lived, the dogs did not get that meal. So this shows one terrible custom that the Chinese have of getting rid of babies, possibly when only delicate and not even dead.

Well, but our little friend, say, is bright and healthy now and she is not badly treated in her home. She looks after the small baby, carrying it about in her arms or putting it in its cradle, which is like a big longish wooden band-box with no lid, hung from the roof. If she is disobedient, her mother may say to her: 'I'll look out for a fierce mother-in-law for you.' And so our little friend looks forward with dread to the time when she will have to get married. When she is ten years of age or so, she will begin to learn sewing. She sits squatted on the k'ang, stitching the sides of shoes for herself or for the other women in her house. If some of you girls who are scolded for your uneven sewing, could just see the way some Chinese girls and women use their needles, you might be shamed into taking more pains.

But does the girl not go to school, someone may ask? No, not unless she belongs to Christian parents, when she may go to school and learn to read.

When she is, say, 15 or 16 years old, she leaves home, and goes to her mother-in-law's house that is, gets married.

She may never have seen her husband before, and certainly had no choice in the matter. And neither did the boy choose his sweet-heart. It was the parents who arranged everything. If the girl, now a wife, had a fairly easy time in her own

home, now she will have to put her hand to and work in earnest. When she gets up in the morning, she sweeps the earthen floor, and washes the pot, and proceeds to cook the breakfast. Would you like to hear what the family is to have for breakfast. It's a sort of porridge, with biggish grains, red colored, boiled in a big pot, which is built into the bricks at the end of the k'ang. They don't have any buttermilk with their porridge but if the men have been earning good wages, they will have some cabbage, or turnips, or onions, or potatoes, or some other vegetable as an extra, just as you have butter or jam on your bread.

They won't have any bacon or meat, not even to their dinner, except now and again, if they are well-to-do, or only on some special occasions—say like Christmas, or the 12th of July at home.

Would you like porridge and vegetables two or three times a day, year in, year out? Your chubby, happy, pigtailed brothers and sisters are very glad of these if they only get enough.

There are some of you girls who are learning to bake bread, are you not? This difficult accomplishment is not taught in Chinese homes. No mothers need to tell their daughters not to forget to put in the soda. For flour-bread is a luxury, something like tarts with you, and it is only made in shops, in the form of cakes or biscuits of different sorts.

Our young wife, then, when she has made the breakfast, serves it out to the family in small bowls, and all set to and make short work of the 'millet' (that's what the porridge is made of) stuffing in large mouthfuls with their two chopsticks, and taking drinks of the millet-water in between.

Perhaps the young wife must wait till the others are done before she sits down to her food, by this time not as hot as one would wish it. Of course she has her long pipe to console her if she feels very miserable, and may go out to the lane and compare notes, between the tobacco-whiffs, with Mrs. So-and-So next door. But even this is sometimes not enough to make her satisfied with her hard lot; and in despair she may take a dose of opium to put an end to her life. If she has no children, her death may not matter much to the household. But if she has a baby boy, for instance, then there is a hubbub, 'Run fast to the Free Hospital and get the foreign doctor to give medicine; quick! quick!' It would never do to risk the death of the precious boy infant. Thus a Chinese mother's life is bound up in her children, especially the boys.

Small wonder if boy youngsters are fearfully spoiled in their upbringing.

Bessie's Playmate.

(R. R. Fitch, in 'Child's Hour.')

Upon returning from one of his voyages Captain Horton brought home a tame monkey as a pet for Bessie, his little six-year-old daughter.

Bessie had neither brother nor sister, and Judy, as the monkey is called, makes a very good playmate.

Both Bessie and Judy enjoy warm weather most, and have grand times playing outdoors in the summer. Judy helps make mud pies, patting the mud into little cakes with her hands. She loves to swing in the hammock and climb up into the trees in the yard.

Children think it a treat to be asked by Mrs. Horton to spend the day at her house and play with Bessie and Judy. To them the monkey is the most wonderful pet in the world.

Judy has a great affection for Bessie's doll; in fact, I think she cares even more for it than does her mistress.

'Come, Judy, and go to ride with Dolly,' Bessie will say, and Judy will jump into the little go-cart and hold out her arms for the doll, and Bessie will wheel her about the yard with Dolly tightly clasped in her arms.

Bessie has a doll's chair that is painted bright red. It is just the right size for Judy, and she considers it her property, and carries it about the house to sit in.

There is nothing that pleases Judy more than to have a party. She helps set the table, then sits in her chair and eats what is put upon her plate, and drinks out of the tiny china cup, passing it again and again to be filled.

'Why, Judy, you mustn't pass your cup so often. I don't get a chance to eat a thing,' Bessie will say; but Judy chatters away as though telling what a good time she is having, and her little wrinkled face looks so pleased that Bessie stops scolding, and keeps on filling the cup in the little brown hand.

Judy loves candy, nuts and fruit as much as her mistress does, and always has a share of the good things.

She is very curious and wants to examine every new thing that is brought into the house, and is anxious to have every parcel undone and every box opened to see if it contains something that she likes.

If there is any one thing in this world that Judy detests it is a cat, and she will not allow one on the premises. Let a cat jump upon the fence, or poke his nose inside the yard, and Judy is after him in a minute, and at sight of the enraged monkey the way the cat hustles for home is a caution.

Judy does not like cold weather, and although Mrs. Horton has made some warm woollen dresses for her to wear, she sits by the fire shivering most of the time in winter, and looks so miserable that one would not suppose she was the merry little monkey of the summer.

She sleeps in a box behind the stove, and no child ever hated to go to bed more than Judy does. When Bessie says, 'Come, Judy, it is bedtime,' the monkey cries and pleads in every way she knows how to stay up longer, but Bessie is a firm little mistress, and always sees that Judy is abed before she herself goes.

Every time Captain Horton comes home he asks Bessie if he had not better take the monkey back with him and bring her some other pet. He only does it to tease her, for he knows what her answer will be; and when he sees Judy's affection for his little daughter he thinks that she would object as strongly as does Bessie at the idea of their parting.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' Subscribers for a list of ten subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of seven subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath-school or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE—A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following: Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

LESSON V.—FEBRUARY. 1.

Paul at Athens

Acts xvii., 22-34.

Golden Text.

Because he preached unto them Jesus and the Resurrection.—Acts xvii., 18.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 26.—Acts xvii., 13-21.
Tuesday, Jan. 27.—Acts xvii., 22-34.
Wednesday, Jan. 28.—Is., xl., 18-31.
Thursday, Jan. 29.—Jer., x., 1-13.
Friday, Jan. 30.—John iv., 19-26
Saturday, Jan. 31.—Is. xliv., 1-11.
Sunday, Feb. 1.—1 Cor. i., 20-31.

ABOUT IDOLS.

Travellers say that one who goes to forgn lands always finds what he looks for—he sees what his mind is fitted to see. An artist has an eye for pictures; a man who cares for fine buildings sees all the cathedrals and grand houses; another, who is always watching for green fields and lakes and waterfalls, comes home with a bookful of pencil-sketches. Paul, who longed to save men from idolatry, saw in Athens a city full of idols. In all the beauty there was the blot! They did not love his God—the true God—in that great city. Every gateway and porch, every street and square, had its god or its temple. The houses were full of images; one splendid gold and ivory image of the goddess Athena made the Parthenon a kind of world's wonder, and the other, nearly twice as tall, standing in the open air, was all of bronze, a glorious landmark for sailors as the point of its spear and the crest of its helmet were seen by approaching ships. The heathen called one god the god of the sea, and another the god of the woods, and there were gods of the hills and gods of the valleys. Paul longed to tell the people about the one God, whose power had made everything, even the worshippers of these foolish idols.

Did you ever read the story of Joseph Neesima, the Japanese boy, who would not worship the idols of his family, because he saw that they were only whittled figures? See if it isn't in your Sunday-school library, and get it and read it, and see how a bright boy learned better than to worship idols.

Mars' Hill.—Better known by the name of the Areopagus. A rocky height in Athens opposite the western end of the Acropolis. The ancient Athenian court held here was called the Council of Areopagus.

A-re-op'a-gite.—A member of the council or court of Areopagus.

Verse 22. Too superstitious: Very religious.

Verse. 26. Determined: Settled. Bounds of their habitation: Places where they were to live.

Verse 30. Winked at: Overlooked.

Verse 31. Appointed a day: Set a day; the day of judgment. That man: The man Christ Jesus.

Lesson Text

Where was Paul when he made this speech? What can you tell about the way he came to be there? Why did the people want to hear him? (Read the first part of the chapter.)

What were Paul's first words? What had he noticed in his walks around the city? What did he say of the inscription on one of the altars? Whom did he declare to them as the unknown, true God who had made the world and everything in it? What else did he tell them about him?

Whose children did he say they all were? What did he say God's children ought not to think? Why must they repent of such thoughts and worship the true God? What great day did he say was coming? By whom is the world to be judged? What else did Paul tell them about Jesus?

When he spoke of the resurrection, what did his hearers do Did any of them believe?

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 1.—Topic—Decide to-day. Heb. iii., 7-13. (Christian Endeavor Day.)

Junior C. E. Topic

DECIDE TO-DAY.

Monday, Jan. 26.—To give up all. Luke xiv., 33.

Tuesday, Jan. 27.—To take up the cross. Luke ix., 23.

Wednesday, Jan. 28.—To begin testifying. Luke viii., 38, 39.

Thursday, Jan. 29.—To work for Jesus. Mark i., 17.

Friday, Jan. 30.—To obey him. John xiv., 15.

Saturday, Jan. 31.—To imitate him. 1 Pet. ii., 21.

Childhood Without God.

('The Christian.')

The 'Sunday School Chronicle' has a timely article under this heading upon the need of teaching children a definite religious faith. Stern facts are driving leaders of religious thought to examine the present methods of dealing with the young, and it is well that we are all called upon to face the situation. We would emphasize the word 'definite,' for therein lies the crux of the matter. We do not regard as 'definite' teaching the vague statements so often conveyed to the young that there is a God, that he is good and kind, and that we must be good. Children very early demand the reason for all things submitted to them, and, 'as they are able to bear it,' the great, distinctive truths of the Gospel should be put before them. But if this teaching is to leave this impression deeply upon the mind, it must be undertaken at home as well as at Sunday-school. Of the 168 hours in each week, the child is at Sunday-school, at most, two hours. It is clear then that if the teaching and example given during the 166 hours counterbalance what is accomplished in the two hours, the latter has but little chance. Do even professedly Christian parents sufficiently realize their great responsibility to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?

A Cure of Souls.

(Rev. James Mursell.)

Wordsworth begins his sonnet to Haydon, the well-known artist, with the words, 'High is our calling, friend.' When I look into the face of a devoted Christian worker among boys and girls, I always feel inclined to quote the poet's words. The Sunday school teacher has a high calling. It is his so to touch and influence the plastic life of youth that Christ shall be formed in them, and His indwelling presence shall mould their natures into the grace of His own purpose in their lives. That is a vocation the height of which it is almost impossible to exaggerate. It requires a delicacy of instinct, a clearness of insight, and a tenderness of tact that can only be learnt at Jesus' feet. To the difficult, beautiful work of winning his scholars for Christ, the teacher must bring a spirit that has been, and is being, taught of God.

How, then, can the work be done? Of course, a great deal depends on what takes place on Sundays in the class; but not a little also hinges on what takes place outside the school during the week. No teacher who has the highest interests of his scholars at heart can rest quite content with teaching them on Sunday. He will feel that his class is a ministry which cannot be fulfilled in any such hebdomadal fashion. To win the young for Christ, there must be personal influence; and personal influence is gained only by personal care and personal love, and these involve time and trouble beyond the limits of the hour for which the class is put into the teacher's charge on Sunday afternoon. What takes place then and there is vitally important; but that, again, depends on what takes place not then, not there. Obviously, therefore, when a teacher accepts a class in the Sunday school, he accepts a cure of souls as real and as responsible, though smaller in its scope, as the vicar in his parish, or the minister in his congregation.

The True Teacher's Aim.

(Dr. Worden, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The teacher is a representative of Christ; but Christ's aim, as stated by himself, was 'to seek and to save that which was lost.'

Christ's commission to the Church and to every teacher is, 'Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations.' We are first to disciple them, i. e., to lead them to Christ. Then when they are Christ's disciples they are to be taught all things which Christ commanded. This was the aim of all Christ's apostles.

When Paul is narrating what Christ said to him at his conversion, he tells us that the Saviour informed him of the end of his calling, 'to open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God that they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.' Nor was Paul disobedient to the heavenly vision, but with all that within him lay, he toiled and suffered, having in view the one aim, 'that I might by all means save some.' So all the apostles.

No other aim meets the case of our scholars or is adapted to their needs. Without Christ they are already lost. Christ alone can save. He can. He will. Without a new heart they cannot enter heaven. This God's Spirit alone can give. He can. He will. The Christians in your class need Christ every hour, every moment. He alone can keep them from falling. He can. He will.

All the successful winners of souls have constantly aimed at this. For this Augustine prayed and toiled. So Luther, Calvin and Knox and Baxter and Whitefield and the Wesleys. Jonathan Edwards, McCheyne. So Spurgeon and Moody. So all truly successful superintendents and teachers unwaveringly concentrate their prayers and efforts on 'this one thing.'

Watch and Wait.

(The Rev. James Mursell.)

But should I never speak to my scholars personally about decision for Christ? Certainly you should. But you must watch and wait and pray for the opportunity. You need to remember that in dealing with children you are dealing with very delicate flowers, and that it is perilous work to stir the depths of a child's religious life into emotion. Still, through the interstices of the happy comradeship, which is the teacher's main work with his scholars out of school, opportunities will gleam on eyes that are quick to see and hearts that are sensitive to understand the ways of God. Sorrow comes even into children's lives; now one of the class goes off to boarding-school, and another's father is removing from the neighborhood; sometimes a boy or girl is overtaken in a fault; at intervals special services are held. At such times faithful words may be spoken, and loving questions asked which prove the turning point of life; while best of all, perhaps, to teachers who by personal effort and persistent prayer wait on their teaching, days will come when a boy will speak to him of his own accord, and shyly say, 'I do so want to be a Christian.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Temperance

Strong Men Needed.

(Capt. E. L. Sawyer, in the 'Michigan Advocate.')

Strong, fearless men and women are needed at the present time. Great principles are at stake, and great battles are to be fought. Even our present flimsy laws are not enforced. Those in power are either impotent or too cowardly to enforce them.

The brute protects its young according as God has given it strength and cunning; but man, who was given dominion over land and sea and all that therein is, does not protect his offspring from the greed and rapacity of his own kind. Our commercial civilization has made more moral cowards than anything else in the history of the world.

A certain man said of another, who at one time had been very prominent in temperance work, that he was not as good a temperance man as formerly. When asked why, he replied: 'Oh, he is a politician now, and has political ambitions.' Plainly speaking, in order to be a successful politician in either of the old parties, it is necessary to smother all righteous principles, parade as a Christian, and fall in line with the whiskey element.

Fancy a whiskey man and a so-called Christian working together at the polls. The contrast seems strong, yet one is just what he stands for, while the other is a living lie—a traitor to the church, a continual menace to God's cause, a disgrace to real manhood and a stumbling block to others.

God's plan of salvation will never fail. There are great obstacles to overcome, as there always have been great difficulties to surmount in all reforms. Nothing has ever been accomplished save by hard, ceaseless work; not by resting on oars, floating idly with the stream, but by a steady pull against it.

The Army Canteen.

('The Oregon Searchlight.')

He had fought for his country's need,
And returned with a soldier's glory;
He brought home the trophies of war;
But that is not all of the story;
He brought, yes he brought, tho' at first 'twas unseen,
An appetite born of the Army Canteen.

He was handsome, and brave, and gay,
He had fought for his nation's glory;
They gave him the banquet of wine,
But that is not all of the story:
They fostered and fed, tho' at first 'twas unseen,
An appetite born of the Army Canteen.

For soon came a whisper, ah, yes,
And it did not add to his glory;
He's a drunkard, a gambler, and sot,
But that is not all of the story:
He was marching to death tho' at first 'twas unseen,
Through an appetite born of the Army Canteen.

At last came a day when he fought
With demons of hell, dread and gory;
He fought with a drink-maddened brain,
Till death put an end to the story:
His parents stood there, and gazed on the scene,
A noble son wrecked by the Army Canteen.

And so his last battle was fought,
But well might the seraphs in glory
Veil there faces, and hush their glad songs,
While the Angel of God wrote the story:
Lost, lost, a poor soul! oh, the pitiful scene!
By a national legalized Army Canteen.

No Danger.

('The League Journal.')

A lady in debating with an abstainer the question of total abstinence being so much safer for every one than the most moderate drinking, declared most emphatically that she was in no danger under any circumstances of being tempted to go to excess. It was different she admitted where there was any tendency or predisposition to alcoholism. In that case people ought to abstain, but she could always 'take it or want it.' The abstainer ventured to urge that unforeseen circumstances might arise which would alter the case, but this lady refused to admit such a possibility as regarded herself. Only a few minutes later the conversation turned upon a mutual acquaintance who had become hopelessly enslaved. She also was a lady in good position, with a devoted husband and family, and a beautiful, well-ordered home. It was strange where the excuse could come in for one so situated, but the non-abstainer remarked that there were certain relatives who, by their interference and hectoring ways, worried and irritated this poor woman, who was a timid, gentle creature, without much force or self-assertion. 'The like of that is enough to drive any woman to drink,' she added.

Let us note how this person contradicted herself in the same breath. Nothing could induce her to take more than a safe amount of alcohol—whatever that amount may be! The circumstances named were enough to drive any woman to drink. Surely no one with a moment's reflection could be guilty of such monstrous self-conceit as to think—much less say—that she could stand secure against forces which were enough to drive any other woman to destruction.

Cigarettes.

('The National Advocate.')

An exchange reports that ten thousand copies of the new law forbidding the sale or gift of tobacco to those under sixteen years of age, have been distributed in Pittsburg, Pa., and another in Aurora, Ill. There has been an anti-cigarette agitation that caused the banishment. The Joliet 'News' is authority for the statement that a man came to Aurora without a supply of cigarettes, and when he went to purchase, ascertained that none were to be had within eight miles of the town, while another tells a sad story of a Philadelphia college girl who lost her hair and also her lover through smoking a cigarette, which she smoked in bed during her Christmas vacation. Her lover said: 'Myrta did a foolish act, and I am determined to leave her alone and not renew the engagement which existed between us.' And the 'Temperance Tribune' says: A cigarette advertisement on the front page of the programmes of the Glee, Mandolin and Banjo Clubs of the North-western University has caused an issue between the students and the faculty. The president and faculty have forbidden the publication of the advertisement. The students have accepted and expended the money received from the manufacturer of the cigarettes. The treasury is empty and the students are in a financial dilemma and there is much feeling. The faculty have decided that unless the advertisement be relinquished there shall be no show.

A Religious Duty.

(Councillor Allen.)

The last prop of the drink institution is Interest. Recognizing that this is a factor in increasing drinking, you have today the cry for municipalization—for eliminating from the drink shop all motives of gain to the seller. The modern method of running trade has greatly multiplied the numbers pecuniarily interested in the continuance of the drink traffic. There never was such a moneyed force to fight in the history of any nation. There's money in it. And men engaged in the business are not ashamed to proclaim the unpatriotic and un-Christian dictum—my trade, my politics. Well, our duty under this head is to make our voting and our citizenship a religious duty.

Most men who smoke are desirous not to have their boys form the habit, and this fact is one of the strongest arguments you can use with a boy.

The Pledge Crusade.

If you have not already signed the 'Messenger' Temperance Pledge Roll would you not like to sign your own name to the following solemn pledge and get others who have not aready signed to do the same? These forms may then be cut out and forwarded to the Temperance Department, 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Building, Montreal, where they will be collated and registered with the Dominion Alliance for safe keeping. These forms may be sent in with the renewal subscription. If sent separately, don't forget to put a two-cent stamp on the envelope.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE ROLL.

I solemnly promise by the grace of God that I will abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and will discountenance such use by others.

NAME.	ADDRESS.
.....	.....
.....	.....
.....	
.....	.....
.....	.....
.....	.....
In witness whereof	.....

Correspondence

South Bay, Ont.

Dear Editor and 'Messenger' readers,—Can you let another visitor in? I have never written to you before and have come now to make you a little visit. I have been an admiring reader of the 'Northern Messenger' for some time and have especially taken much interest in the correspondence. I live on a farm close by South Bay almost on the shore. We spend very enjoyable times skating in winter, and fishing, swimming, and boat-riding in the summer. I am a member of the Junior Epworth League, which meets every Saturday. We (members) are making a quilt to send away. We have badges for the M. L. C., but I lost mine. I am in the senior fourth class at school. We don't have grades in our school. Our teacher's name is Miss Browne, who is my cousin, but she is going to leave us at Christmas, and then we will have Miss McCullough for our teacher. The highest attendance at school is about forty. Winter is beginning now, although there is little snow. The people are getting up a Christmas tree here. To-morrow is my birthday. Three years ago I was given the 'Messenger' for a birthday present.

INA H. (Age 13.)

Portapique, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy nine years old. I go to school; I am in the sixth grade. I have two brothers and two sisters; my oldest sister is a stenographer in Ashland, Kentucky; my other sister is in Truro, taking music lessons from Prof. E. Stewart; my oldest brother works on the farm, and my other brother is in Great Village going to school. My Grandpa and my Grandma Davison are dead; I have one grandma living, Grandma Knight, she is 80 years old and real smart. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sabbath-school; our pastor is the Rev. A. L. McKay; we like him very much. NEWBERN D.

Strathroy, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am living in Strathroy with my aunties. Strathroy is a very pretty place in summer. My father is in a hardware store in Chatham; my father was an agent for the 'Messenger' once. I get the 'Messenger' at the Presbyterian Sunday-school. I like to read the stories in it so much. I am a great reader. I could not tell how many books I have read; I read 'The Sky Pilot,' by Ralph Connor, and liked it very much. I like stories of animals and adventure best, I think. I take music lessons and like them very much, indeed; I just started taking them about two months ago. I am not going to school this term, but I intend to start after Christmas. I have no brothers or sisters, and I like reading better than playing outside; I like writing letters, too. I learned to ride on my auntie's wheel this summer and I like riding very much. I ride quite a bit when I have the wheel. I have two aunties and an uncle and cousins in Jamaica. KATIE F. C. (Age 12.)

Danvers, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near a small town; my father has a steam-mill which he moves from place to place; he now has it near a small town about twenty miles from here; he has had it there about a year; he and my brothers work together, and they have sawed about two million feet of lumber during the year. I love to go and visit them and see them saw, which I do occasionally. I tend the barn and go to school. I have eleven head of cattle to tend, besides a little colt. I cannot brag of pets as some boys and girls can, but I love to tend cattle and horses. My father has three horses; he has them all at the mill hauling lumber. I have two sisters and three brothers; two brothers and one sister are married. I am fourteen years old, and my birthday is on July 20. ELIJAH W.

Smith's Mills, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live about one mile and half from the village of Smith's Mills; it is not a very large place; there is one store, two blacksmith shops, a schoolhouse, saw-mill, grist-mill, hotel, station, and the post-office is kept in the store, and there is one church; it is Methodist, and there are services every Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Bradford preaches, and I like him very much. My grandfather came from England over sixty years ago; he has a brother out West and another one here. I have two sisters and no brothers; my sisters are younger than I am; I am fifteen years old, and am five feet and six inches tall; I go to school and am in the fifth grade. We do not have a very large school; there is only one in my class beside myself, and the rest are all small scholars. Our teacher's name is Eva Bridgette; she is a very nice teacher. BERTHA M. T.

Lower Canard, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old; my birthday is on June 30. I live on a farm, and my father has a gasoline engine and windmill. We live in a valley right between two mountains. A river runs at the foot of my father's farm; it flows into Minas Basin a mile from my home; it is a beautiful place in summer, and we often go in bathing there. We live about ten miles from Cape Blomedon. We had a Sunday-school picnic over there; We had a launching over in Canning, and papa took us all over to see it. It was the first time I had ever been to a launching before; the vessel's name was 'Advance.' The first time they tried it, it did not go; so they got a tug; the tug's name was 'Millie K.' There was another vessel there named 'Rescue.' EVA M. E.

Church Hill, N.B.

Dear Editor,—The letter Fay Stephenson wrote was indeed an excellent letter for a little girl nine years old. And the drowning of Ward Smith was very sad. as Miss Fay said, about it being a lesson for other boys to keep off rafts. We hope it will be a warning. Churchill is quite a nice place, especially in the summer. There is one church here, the Methodist church. We have Sunday-school only six months; it closed the last of October. Our Sunday-school was very small this year; the young folks are all going away as they grow up, and that makes our school have such a few to attend. But we used to have a large number of scholars. The Rev. Mr. Johnson, who has been on this circuit the past three years, has gone to Florenceville, and the conference sent us the Rev. Mr. Allen in his place. Mr. Allen is an old man, but he is very much liked here, as he is a good preacher. A horse and a dog are my two favorite animals. I have an uncle aged eighty, and anyone to look at him would not think he was any more than sixty-five. He is very smart for an old man. He is a native of Ireland, and, of course, it is no wonder he is smart and healthy, for there is not an Irishman yet ever came over the sea but was tough and hardy. He tells me that the generation of to-day will never be like the old generation. He came from Ireland when he was eighteen and it is a pastime to hear him tell about Ireland; I like to hear him naming the places. My uncle has great times talking to his old friends, natives of Ireland. He has a friend, Mr. Abraham Adair, who is eighty-eight years old, and it is great fun to hear the two old men tell and talk about that far away country. Both my grandmothers and grandfathers were natives of Ireland, and I will say they were good people. The crops were very good here this year, some of the farmers had five hundred bushels of oats, and buckwheat also was a good crop, but most of the farmers here thresh their buckwheat by handflails. There is a mountain called Mount Tom not very far from our home, and when the trees are all leafed out in summer it is a beautiful scene.

E. S. Mc.

(This is a very good letter.—Ed.)

Norman, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought some little boys and girls would like to hear of 'our fire.' On Friday, Nov. 28, at six o'clock we saw it first. It started between three and four in the morning. The hose broke and nothing could be done to stop it. When I woke up about six I noticed that the sky was all red and the air was full of smoke and sparks. I thought it was a train, but felt pretty anxious. I woke mother, and told her. Then we went to the south window and from it we had a full view of what was going on. The south and south-east part of the town around the mills was all in a perfect sea of flames. In the forenoon all the lumber-yard was burned. My father and brother and I all went to help the people in that end of the town who were moving. Ten houses also went in the forenoon. After dinner the fire went down and my brother Roy, and I went to the next town, a mile and a half west of us. At five o'clock the fire broke out afresh, burning five or six more houses, so that by midnight about one million dollars' worth of lumber, five steamboats that were upon dry-dock, and fifteen or seventeen houses were burned. A good many families were burned out, but we were spared. Some people had to eat their supper on the streets. It was an awful sight. Now, something about ourselves. I am a little girl aged thirteen; my birthday is on April 10. I have two brothers and three sisters. I do not go to school, but if I did I would be in the fifth book. LAURA K.

(A most interesting letter.—Ed.)

Relessey, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I often thought of writing a letter to the 'Messenger,' but somehow never did it; but, as I was sick a good deal this summer, and the 'Messenger' was my best visitor, I thought I would write when I got better. We have taken the 'Messenger' a good many years. It came in my sister's name till she got married, then I took it. We live in the county of Dufferin in the township of Mono, about thirteen miles from the town of Orangeville. Our post-office is about a mile north of us, and the Methodist church we attend is a concession west of that again, our pastor being the Rev. Mr. Langford, and my Sunday-school teacher is Miss Carrie Anderson. This is a very nice country, although there are some hills around our place, and I like to sit on the top of a big hill under the shade of a tree and take in the beautiful scenery around me. I have three sisters and three brothers; my eldest sister is married and I have a dear little niece called Emily. My eldest brother is in Alberta, so I am always interested in letters from that part. I am not going to school now. I passed the Entrance Exam. this summer and have not gone much since. Two of my school chums have moved away, one to British Columbia and another near Barrie, but I hear from them quite often. We had an entertainment at the school before Christmas, and Miss Lyons, our teacher, had quite a time training us. How is our little friend, Lottie Bell? I had a very nice letter from her some time ago. I send my best wishes to her through the 'Messenger,' and to all the readers. My address is, Annie Bertha Irwin, Relessey,

LETTERS IN BRIEF.

Goldie Bell lives in Stony Creek, Ont. Her father is an evangelist and is away the greater part of the year. She and her sister took part in the school concert.

Edith Bannister lives on a large farm in New Brunswick. She has a brother and seven sisters. She corresponds with Agnes McLeod.

Edwin Hodgson, of Hudson Heights, Que., has been unfortunate enough to break his leg and will have to stay in bed a long time. He has such a nice dog called 'Major,' who visits him as he lies in bed.

Hattie E. B. and Maggie O. write from Poltimore, Que. They both go to school. Maggie's father and mother are dead. Hattie's father keeps the post-office.

Rose E. Tibbits says that when the hotel-keeper of her town, Maine, N.Y., tried recently to get a license there was a majority of 25 votes on the temperance side. She was delighted.

Gertie M. H., of Kedron, N.B., got a lot of names on the pledge roll and was pleased with the picture she received in re-

Personal to Subscribers

We will send to every subscriber or reader of the 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' a full-sized ONE-DOLLAR package of VITÆ-ORE, by mail, POSTPAID, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and doses of quacks, or good doctors, or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk ; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. VITÆ-ORE is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—ORE—mined from the ground like gold and silver and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains FREE IRON, FREE SULPHUR AND MAGNESIUM, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe and Malarial Fever. Nervous Prostration and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. VITÆ-ORE will do the same for you, as it has done for hundreds of other readers of this paper who have accepted this offer and MADE NATURE THEIR DOCTOR, if you will give it a trial, which none should hesitate to do on this liberal offer. SEND FOR A $1 00 PACKAGE AT OUR RISK. You have nothing to lose if the medicine does not benefit you. WE WANT NO ONE'S MONEY WHOM VITÆ-ORE DOES NOT BENEFIT Can anything be more fair ? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. Investigation will bear out our statement that we MEAN JUST WHAT WE SAY in this announcement and will do just as we agree. Write TO-DAY for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, so that we may give you special directions for treatment, if same be necessary, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

YOUR DOCTOR

may tell you that your case is incurable, that medical science is unable to help you, that all you can expect is temporary or slight RELIEF. Well, let HIM think so. He is certainly entitled to HIS OPINION. You need not think so unless YOU WISH TO.

Many people whose testimony appears in the books and pamphlets of the THEO. NOEL CO., were told that their cases were hopeless, helpless, impossible, incurable, past all recovery, yet—READ THEIR TESTIMONY. Many were told that they had but a few short years—some but months—to live, yet—READ THEIR TESTIMONY. There are more things in HEAVEN and EARTH than are dreamed of in the Doctor's philosophy, and Vitæ-Ore is one of them.

AS A BEACON LIGHT

VITÆ-ORE points the way for storm-tossed sufferers to a haven of Health and Comfort. If you have been drifting in a sea of sickness and disease, towards the rocks and shoals of Chronic Invalidism, Port your helm ere it be too late, take heed of the message of hope and safety which it flashes to you; STOP DRIFTING about in a helpless, undecided manner, first of one course and then another, but begin the proper treatment immediately and reach the goal you are seeking by the route SO MANY HAVE TRAVELLED WITH SUCCESS.

Every person who has used Vitæ-Ore is willing to act as a PILOT for you, each knows the way from having followed it; attend their advice. FOLLOW THE LIGHT and be cured with Nature's Remedy as they have been.
CAN YOU AFFORD TO DISREGARD IT?

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package on trial. In answer to this, address

THEO. NOEL, GEOLOGIST, ... Dept. A. M., 101 York Street, Toronto.

turn. She was only one day getting forty names.

Charles Taylor's father is a carpenter, and he lives at Robinson's Mills, W. Va. He likes the 'Messenger' greatly.

Donald B. Pickard's father runs a stone quarry, at Sackville, N.B., and sends stone as far as Toronto.

James John Harrison, of Penville, aged 14, is a busy worker in summer. He has a most intelligent dog which understands everything said to him.

Ethel S. Eichenberger lives in the pretty village of Delaware, which has three churches, several stores, a tailor, barber, and harness-maker and two hotels. They have a skating rink in winter. Ethel's father is a thresher and, unfortunately, lost one hand in the cutting-box, about 13 years ago. (Ethel made the mistake of writing on both sides of her paper.)

M. A. M., writing from Swan River, Man., speaks of the beauty of the place. It is bounded by three mountains and there are lots of wild animals round.

We had also short letters, not quite interesting enough to print, from the following:—Ida Moore, Olin Henry, Lena May Ross, Laura Isabel, Edna Clarke, Ruby Lund, Gladys Walker, Marjorie Waddell, Harry Vandervoot, Florence Mickus, Walter Ball, Flossie Draper, Huntly Butler, Mamie Burgess, Carrie Crowther.

HOUSEHOLD.

New Soil

('The Youth's Companion.')

When John Dalton came back from the asylum where he had gone to place his wife, his neighbor, Perry, met him at the station and went home with him, that he might not enter the empty house alone. The old man was stunned and dazed.

'I don't know what ailed Mary,' he said, dully. 'You see how clean and snug this house is?' She always kept things so. Up before dawn, milking and baking and

washing. Same thing done at the same hour year in and year out. She hadn't complained of sickness for forty years. Then, all at once she began talking of an iron band around her jaws and queer pains in her head.'

'She seldom went into town, did she?' asked Perry.

'Never, hardly. I'm not much of a hand for gadding about to no purpose. She used to want to go in to church Sundays, but I didn't just like to hitch up when there was no work to do. But I wish now I'd done that for Mary.'

'She didn't visit much with the neighbors, either, did she?' asked Perry.

'No. That was my doing, too. When the day's work is done, I want to put on my slippers and rest, and then to bed, and not go skirmishing about or having a lot of company in.'

He was silent a while. 'I don't know what ailed Mary,' he said again. 'She would sit looking at nothing, straight ahead of her, by the hour, and then cry and cry, yet always saying she had no trouble. And she got weaker every day, and then her mind went altogether. She didn't know me, not even her own name.'

'She will be cured in that sanitarium,' said Perry, cheerfully, 'and come home well in the spring.' He watched his old neighbor furtively a while, and then said:

'Do you know, Dalton, some years ago my wife and daughter got peevish and irritable. I thought the steady work and loneliness were telling on them. So I got that parlor organ and paid for a year's lessons for Susy. We had music and singing every evening, and the young folks would gather in with their reading clubs. Then I took two or three papers; my wife is a main hand for guessing the riddles. And once a year I took her an' Susy up to town for a week.'

'Yes,' said Dalton, dryly. 'You spent a lot of money, I've heard.'

'It's bringing me in good interest.'

They sat in silence a while. Then Perry put his hand on the old man's knee. 'When she comes back, if she ever does come, I'd open up life for her a bit, Dalton. You know how it is with potatoes. You plant the best kind in good ground, and they yield splendid crops for a year or two. Then they begin to dwindle and rot.'

'Of course the ground runs out. They need new soil.'

'Yes. You plant them in a different lot, and they yield big, healthy crops. Human beings are like them, Dalton. You've got to renew the soil, give them fresh food, for their minds, or they'll dwindle and rot.'

Dalton did not speak for a long time. 'There's something in it,' he said, finally. 'I'll do different—if I ever have the chance.'

Rest Yonder.

This is not my place of resting,
  Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
  On to my eternal home.

In it all is light and glory,
  O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
  All the curse has passed away.

There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
  By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
  Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,
  Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
  Never, never sin again.

Insomnia.

The distress of sleeplessness assails us when we are overtired, when we have indigestion, and when our conscience is not at peace. Sometimes people do not sleep as well as they grow old. Age needs less sleep than childhood, which is the period of building the physical edifice. If you cannot sleep, try closing the eyes and lying perfectly still. Sometimes a little food, a cup of hot milk or cocoa, or a biscuit, will divert the blood from the brain at night and bring repose. If you cannot sleep, do not fret. Fretting never helps the least bit.—'Christian Herald.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y., or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

Write for Announcement of the **Northern Business College,** Owen Sound, Ontario, the leading College in the Dominion. C.A. Fleming, Principal

USE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

An Admirable Food

EPPS'S

for maintaining Robust Health

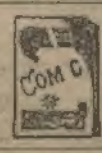
COCOA

in Cold Climates.

GOOD CANVASSERS WANTED
TO PUSH A DOLLAR PROPOSITION ON A
50% COMMISSION.
IT APPEALS STRONGLY TO THE BEST PEOPLE IN EVERY LOCALITY.
No experience necessary. No deposit required School teachers succeed well. Must furnish minister's recommendation.
Address AGENT. MANAGER,
P. O. Box 2234, Montreal.

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 feet 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full black tails. A handsome, stylish Fur given **1st** for selling at **15c.** each only **7 Canadian Home Cook Books** and getting 3 more Agents to do the Same, or **2nd,** by selling **14** yourself. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. **Every Housekeeper buys one.** Write to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them and earn this elegant Fur in a few minutes. **HOME SPECIALITY CO., DEPT. 488 TORONTO.**



110 for 10 cents This book contains one hundred and ten of the best humorous recitations, embracing the Negro, Yankee, Irish, and Dutch dialects, both in prose and verse, as well as humorous compositions of every kind and character. Sent postpaid for 10c. Johnston & Co., Box 401, *Toronto.*

FREE RIFLE

Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at **15c.** each, only **1 doz. Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** Write for Cook Books to-day. **HOME SPECIALTY CO., TORONTO, Ontario.**

BARGAIN SALE

Remnants of SILK RIBBONS almost FREE

We have recently purchased several Thousand Dollars worth of Ribbon Remnants, in London, England, much below the actual cost of manufacture. We are thereby enabled to offer the lady readers of this paper **an immense bargain** in choice Ribbons. They are all from **one to three yards in length,** and some **3 inches wide.** Amongst these Ribbons are some of the very finest quality, Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman and various other plain and fancy styles, in a variety of fashionable colors, **all shades and widths,** suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. All first class. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price. **Don't miss this Bargain. Mrs. W. Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "I consider your Ribbons the cheapest Bargain I ever got." Price, per box, only 25c., or 3 boxes for 90c. postpaid. Millinery Supply Co., Box N. B., Toronto.

GIRLS THIS DOLL IS FOR YOU

Not a single cent to pay for her. As pretty as a picture. You will fall in love with her the minute you see her. Golden ringlets, laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks, stylishly dressed in silk and satin, with velvet and lace trimmings. Lovely trimmed hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. She can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. Her head, arms and legs are movable. She can stand alone or sit in a chair or on the floor. When you get her you will say she is the prettiest doll you have ever seen. **We give her free,** for selling at **15c.** each only **1 doz. Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. Write to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them in a few minutes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** 20,000 sold already. **Don't miss this grand chance** but write at once.

THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 493 TORONTO, ONTARIO

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price with instructions, 12c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401 Toronto.

The 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'